Inside! Dad's Army!

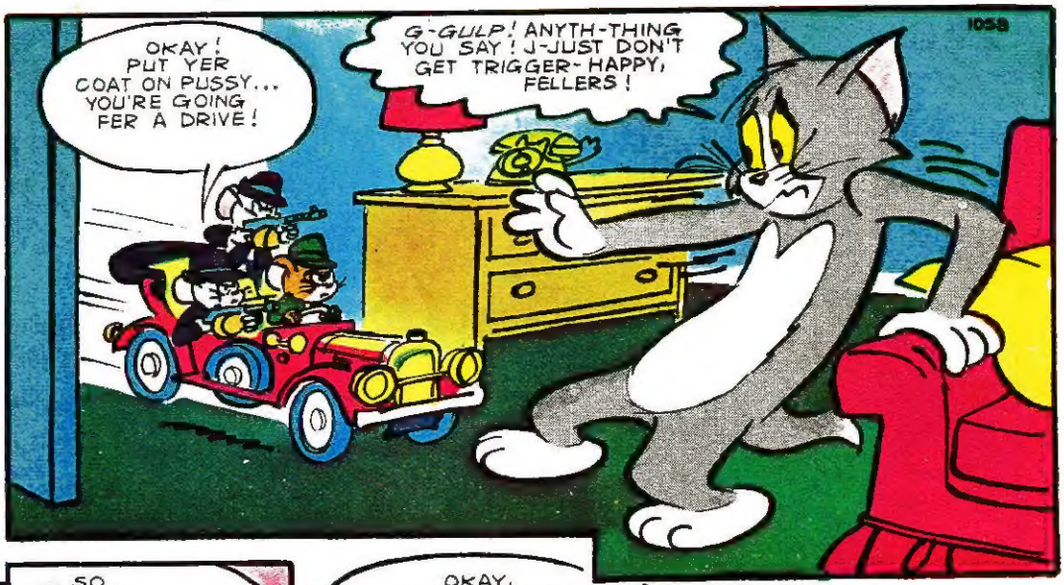
TV COMIC

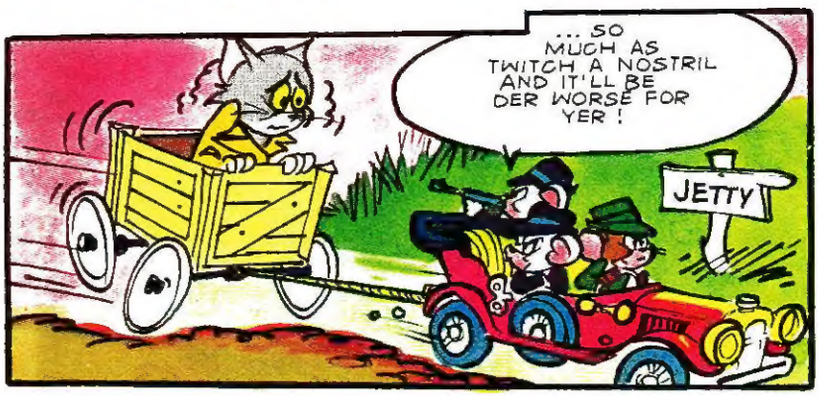
4p

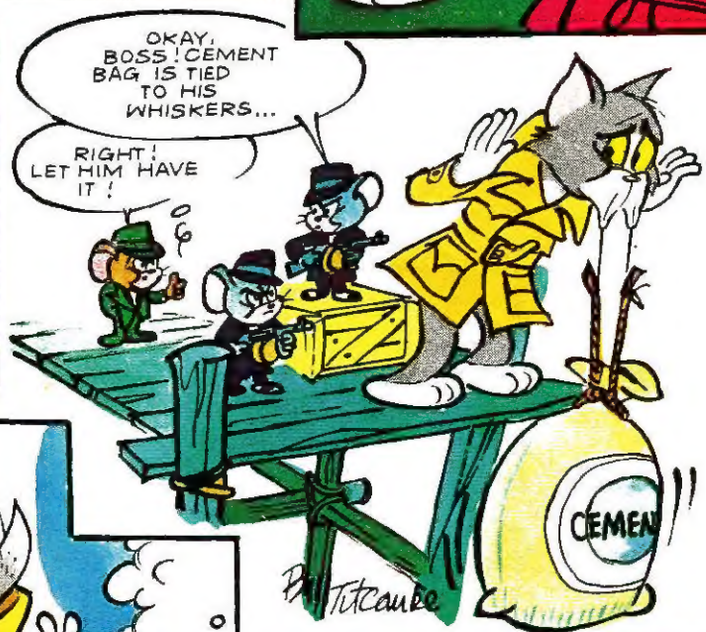
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

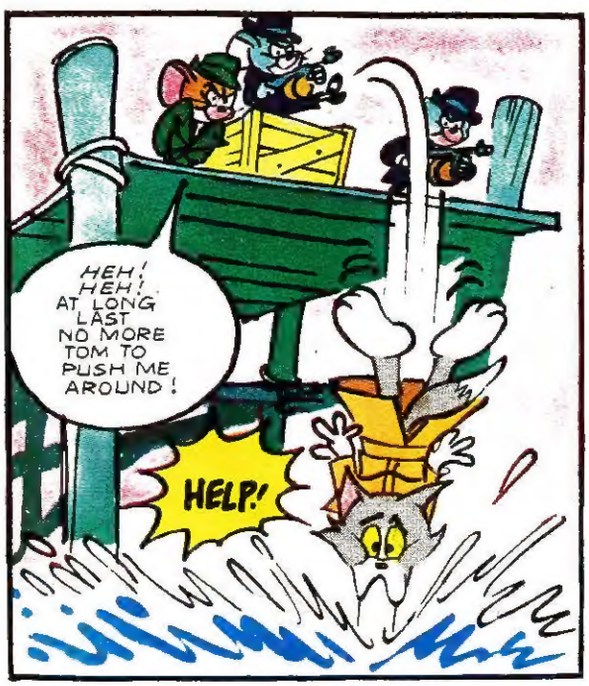
Every Monday | Week Ending 25th March, 1972 | Number 1058

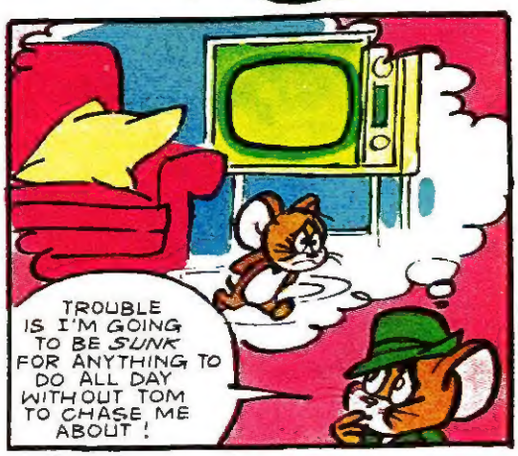
TOM and JERRY











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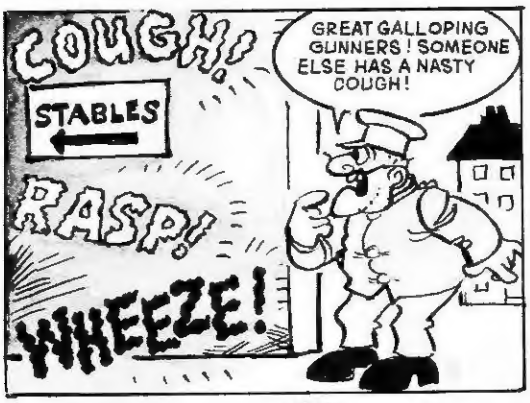
More gang warfare on page two

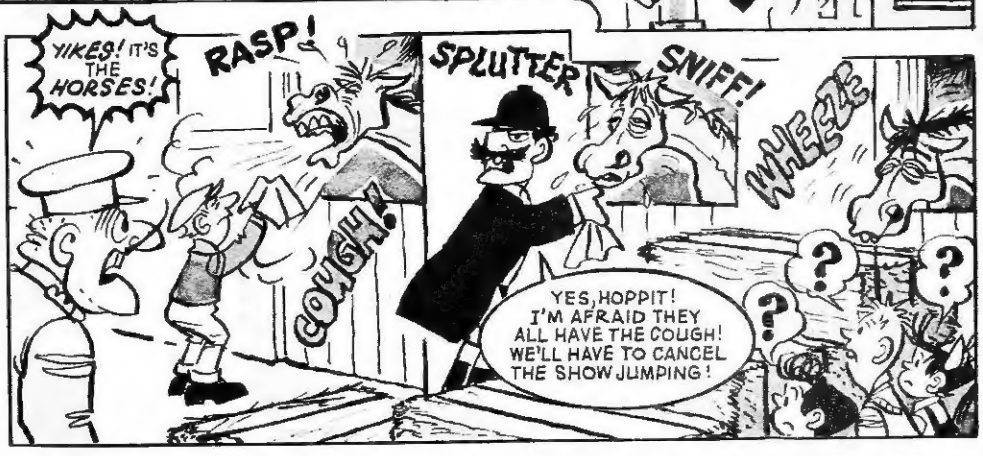
COME TO THINK OF IT I'M GOING TO BE POSITIVELY BORED JUST LOUNGING ABOUT. I DON'T THINK I COULD BEAR IT!
THERE'S NOTHING ELSE TO DO, BUT SAVE HIM!
WHAT?
LOOKS LIKE I MIGHT BE JUST IN TIME!
IT'S SHEER LUCK I HAPPENED TO HAVE THESE SHEARS WITH ME!
SNIP
SNIP
GASP! GLUG!
GURGLE! GURGLE!
WHAT A SOGGY MOGGY!
HEY! GETTING WATER-LOGGED LIKE THAT HAS STARTED TOM SHRINKING!
SHRINK!!
WHY YOU CRUMMY LITTLE CRITTERS... I MIGHT'VE DROWNED!
YOU LOT ARE GOING TO PAY... AND WITH ME THIS SIZE IT'S NO USE TRYING TO HIDE IN MOUSE HOLES!
RAT! TAT! TAT!
TE! HE! WELL, AT LEAST I'M NOT LIKELY TO GET BORED NOW...
G-GULP!... UNLESS IT'S BY A BULLET!

Next week, Jerry's Easter egg is on his head !

TV TERRORS

1058
WERE TELEVISING THE SHOW JUMPING TODAY, HOPPIT. KEEP AN EYE ON THINGS, WILL YOU?
PRODUCER
JUST YOU LEAVE THINGS TO ME, SIR!





GRR! I'LL WARRANT IT WAS THE TERRORS WHO BROUGHT THEIR GERMS HERE AND GAVE ALL THE HORSES THE COUGH!
GULP! I THINK IT'S TIME WE...ER... BALED OUT OF HERE, CHUMS!
MOTION CARRIED! GULP!

AND THERE THEY GO...OVER THE DREADED TREBLE! HO! HO! HO!
BRAVO, HOPPIT! YOU'VE SAVED THE DAY! WHAT A SPLENDID EXHIBITION OF SHOW WHUMPING!
HAW!
WHUMP!
BUMP!
LOOKS LIKE BEING A CLEAN ROUND, CHARLES, OLD BOY!
YES, RATHER, WHAT! HAW! HAW!

A charity walk makes Hoppit squawk, next week.

THE AVENGERS

JOHN STEED and Tara King have discovered that the building of a power station on the banks of a loch in the Scottish Highlands has trapped a monster. Mr McBain, the construction site manager, has arranged for the R.A.F. to bomb the loch and kill the monster—but Steed and Tara know that the creature is harmless.

WE'VE GOT TO LEAVE AT ONCE. THE BOMBERS WILL BE OVERHEAD SOON AND WE'RE TOO CLOSE TO THE TARGET AREA FOR SAFETY!
HEY, TARA— WHERE ARE YOU GOING?
1058

TARA— WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO?
HIGH EXPLOSIVES KEEP OUT
GET SOME EXPLOSIVE OUT OF HERE. I'M GOING TO BLOW OPEN THE OUTLET TO THE SEA TO LET THE MONSTER ESCAPE!

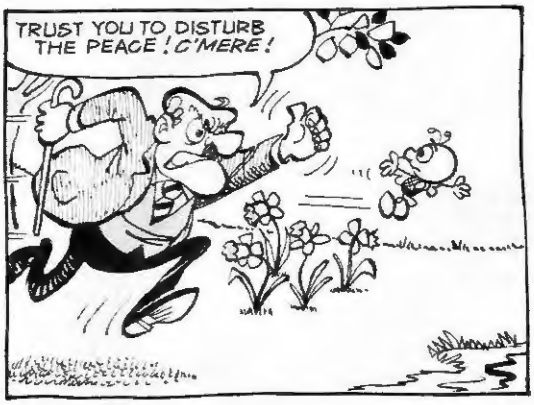
ALL RIGHT, BUT WE MUST HURRY. THE PLANES WILL BE HERE SOON!
DANGER EXPLOSIVE
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
WELL YOU'RE THE EXPERT ON EXPLOSIVES, STEED. WHAT SHALL WE USE?

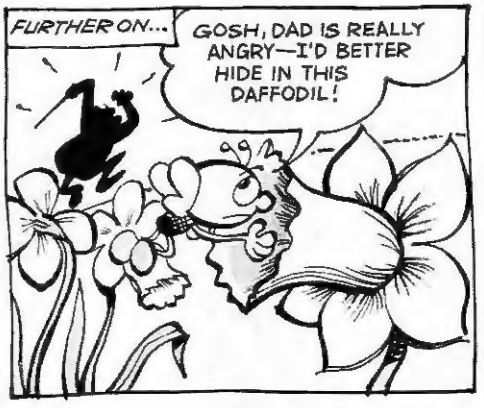
Based on the Thames Television production

Are the Avengers in time ? See next week.

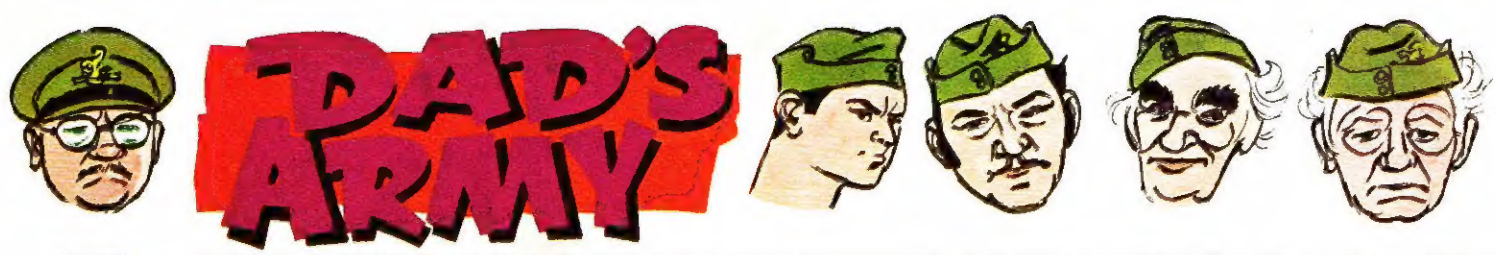
Mighty Moth

" I WANDERED LONELY AS A CLOUD THAT FLOATS ON HIGH O'ER VALES AND HILLS, WHEN ALL AT ONCE I SAW A CROWD, A HOST OF GOLDEN DAFFODILS..."
"... BESIDE THE LAKE, BENEATH THE TREES, FLUTTERING AND DANCING IN THE BREEZE!"
YOU!





Next week, eggs white and brown cause Dad to frown.



ALL STORIES HAVE TO START SOMEWHERE AND THIS ONE STARTS AT AN ARMY AMMUNITION DUMP SOMEWHERE IN ENGLAND SOMETIME DURING 1941...

I WANT YOU TO POP DOWN TO THE HOME GUARD H.Q. AT WARMINGTON-ON-SEA!

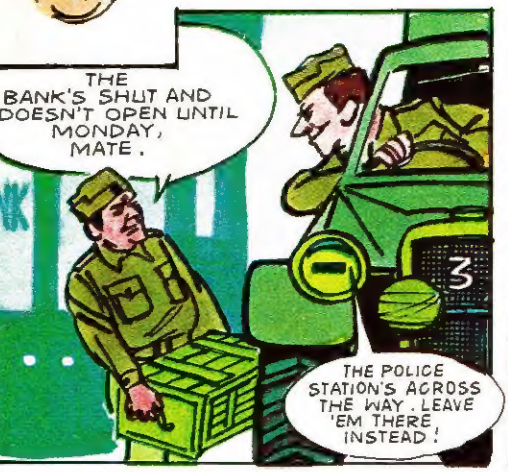
I WENT THERE FOR A WEEK BEFORE THE WAR, SIR. IT WAS DEADLY.

IT'LL BE EVEN MORE DEADLY IF YOU DON'T GET DOWN THERE QUICK. WE'VE JUST SENT THEM A BOX OF LIVE GRENADES INSTEAD OF DUMMY ONES TO PRACTICE WITH!

MEANWHILE AT WARMINGTON-ON-SEA...

I'LL HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT HOME GUARD LOT. IF IT'S ADDRESSED TO CAPTAIN MAINWARING YOU CAN DELIVER THEM TO HIM DOWN AT THE BANK.

THANKS!



LATER AT THE PARISH HALL...
AS THE DUMMY GRENADES HAVE NOT ARRIVED WE'LL DO SOME AIRCRAFT RECOGNITION INSTEAD. OUT IN THE YARD.
WHAT A NICE SUGGESTION, SIR! I WILL GO AND GET THE CARDS!

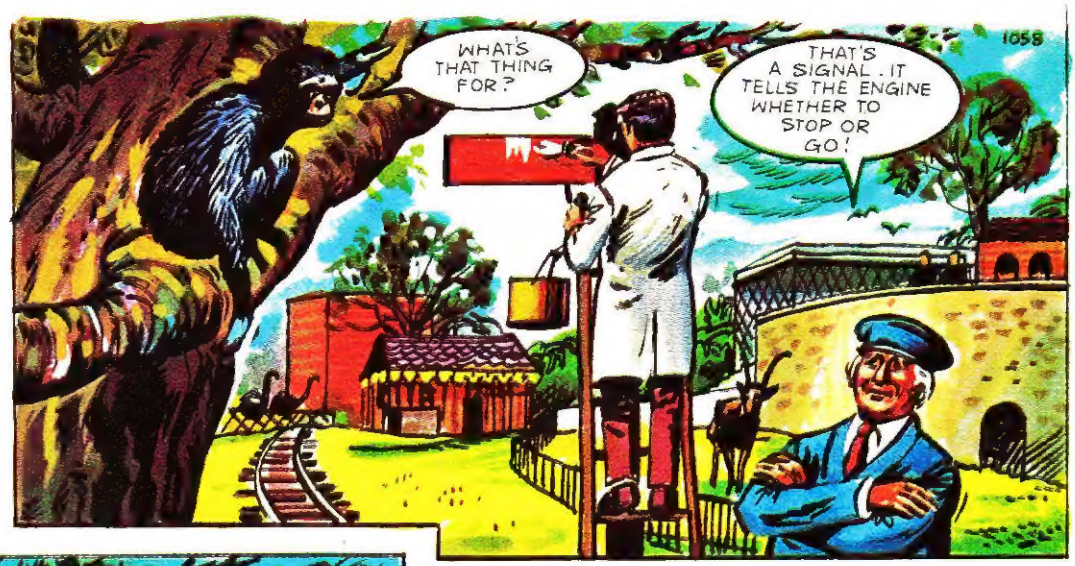
HE COULD BE RIGHT, SIR. LOOK OUT FOR THE HUN IN THE SUN IS WHAT THEY USED TO TELL US IN WORLD WAR ONE, SIR!
RUBBISH MAN! IT CAN'T BE THE BOCHE. THE SIREN HASN'T SOUNDED.

I WAS RIGHT! IT WAS A GERMAN!
STUPID BOY. GET YOUR HEAD DOWN UNLESS YOU WANT IT BLOWN OFF.
THAT'S HIGHLY UNLIKELY SIR. THE BOMBS HAVE EXPLODED AT LEAST A MILE AWAY!

WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T BE LIKE THE BOMBS AND MISS DADS ARMY NEXT WEEK...

Johnny Morris's ANIMAL MAGIC

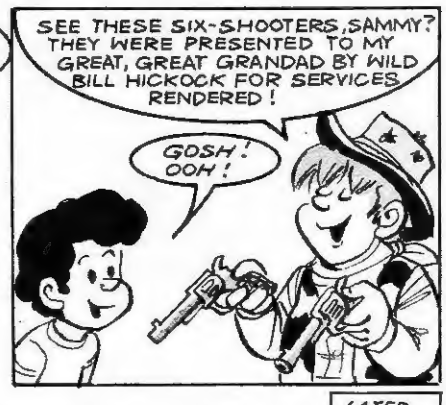
IT looks as though the railway will be finished by the time the steam engine arrives. We are just putting the finishing touches to it.

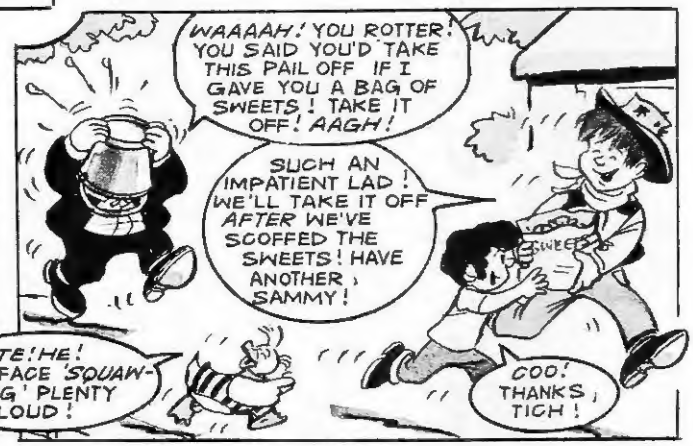


Next week, the steam engine arrives!

Tich and Quackers

SEE THIS STETSON, SAMMY? WELL, THESE BULLET HOLES WERE PUT THERE BY THE INFAMOUS KIDD BROTHERS AFORE I RAN THEM IN!
COO! REALLY, TICH?


SEE THESE SIX-SHOOTERS, SAMMY? THEY WERE PRESENTED TO MY GREAT, GREAT GRANDAD BY WILD BILL HICKOCK FOR SERVICES RENDERED!
GOSH! OOH!


WAAAAH! YOU ROTTER! YOU SAID YOU'D TAKE THIS PAIL OFF IF I GAVE YOU A BAG OF SWEETS! TAKE IT OFF! AAGH!
SUCH AN IMPATIENT LAD! WE'LL TAKE IT OFF AFTER WE'VE SCOFFED THE SWEETS! HAVE ANOTHER, SAMMY!
TE!HE! PAILFACE 'SQUAW-KING' PLENTY LOUD!
COO! THANKS, TICH!

© Ray Alan Enterprises 1972, based on the BBC tv series Tich and Quackers

Easter fun with Tich and Quackers next week.

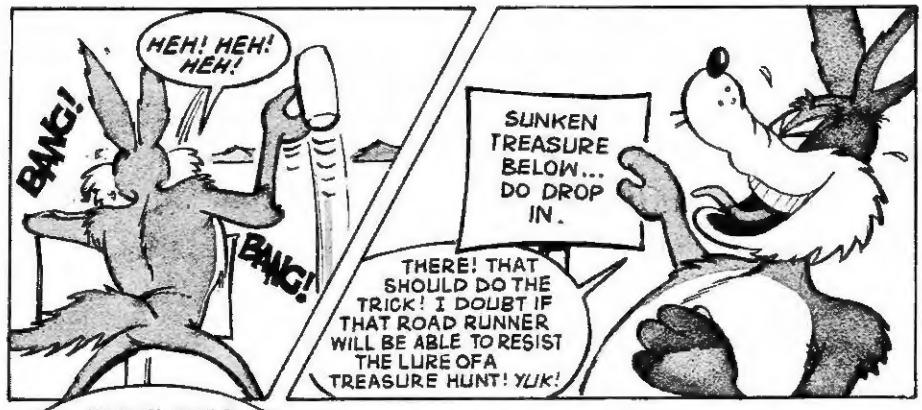
TEXAS TED

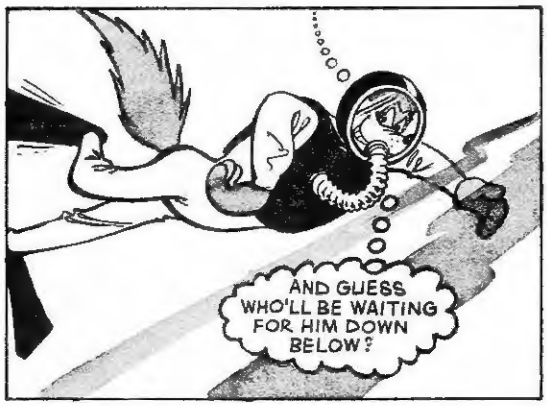
Big hat, big head

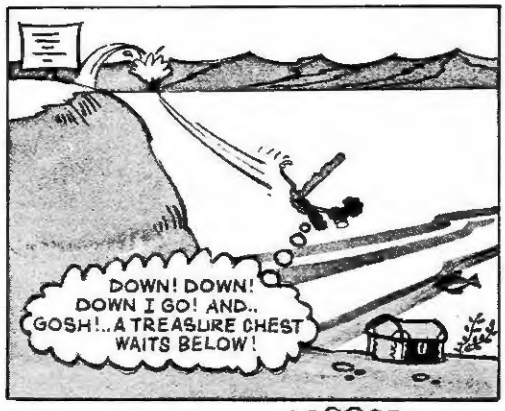
IT'S T-TOO C-COLD FOR GOLF, EDWARD! I C-C-CAN'T STOP SHAKING!
YOUSE RIGHT, COUSIN! LET'S GIT BACK TO THE CLUBHOUSE FER SOME H-HOT CHOCOLATE!
297 YDS
1058
THAT'S BETTER, EDWARD! I'M MUCH WARMER NOW!
ME TOO, COUSIN!
ACTUALLY, CECIL, I HAD A HOLE IN ONE OUT THERE TODAY... AT THE 245 YARD FOURTH!
GETTING SOFT IN YOUR OLD AGE, CECIL? COULDN'T STAND THE COLD OUT THERE, EH?
OH, DEAR! HERE COMES THAT BLOWBAG WINGCO WINDSOR!
BULLY FOR YOU, WINGCO.
WOLGER
DOGGONE IT, COUSIN, IF THAT BAG O' WIND COULD DO A HOLE IN ONE, AH RECKON AH COULD DO IT WITH MA EYES SHUT!
I HEARD THAT, COWBOY! CARE TO BACK YOUR BIG MOUTH UP?
AH'D BE GLAD TO, MISTER!
OH, DEAR! CAREFUL, EDWARD!
TELL YUH WHAT, MISTER... IF AH DOES THAT HOLE IN ONE, YOU TREATS US TO A SPRING CRUISE! IF AH DON'T, WE TREATS YOU!
HO-HO! IT'S A DEAL, COWBOY!
THE LAD'S A FOOL! IT'S A CHANCE IN A MILLION! HAW! HAW!
THAT WAS A SILLY CHALLENGE, EDWARD! YOU DON'T REALLY HAVE A CHANCE OF WINNING!
LATER...
SEE YUH LATER, COUSIN. AH'S JUST GOIN' T' TRY OUT MA... ER... SAND WEDGE!
S-SAND WEDGE, EDWARD?
ROARR RUMBLE
AND THE NEXT DAY...
RIGHT, MISTER! SHALL WE ADJOURN T' THE FOURTH TEE?
LEAD ON, COWBOY! I'M RIGHT BEHIND YOU!
YEEEE-EEK! WH-WHAT'S THIS?
RELAX, COUSIN...
COME OFF IT, MISTER! SURELY YUH KNOWS AH'S A TEXAN!
WAAL, THAT'S A TEXAS-SIZE GOLF-HOLE! DIDN'T THINK AH'D USE THEM LITTLE THINGS YUH HAS IN THIS COUNTRY, DID YUH?
G-GOLF HOLE? GULP!
THERE NOW! AH RECKON THAT'S A HOLE IN ONE!
CHIP
PLONK!
OH, NO!
SIGH! THIS SURE IS A BETTER WAY O' KEEPIN' WARM THAN HOT CHOCOLATE, COUSIN!
YES, EDWARD! THAT BIG MOUTH OF YOURS TURNED UP TRUMPS THIS TIME!

Soon—Sweets for all from Ted's rugby ball.

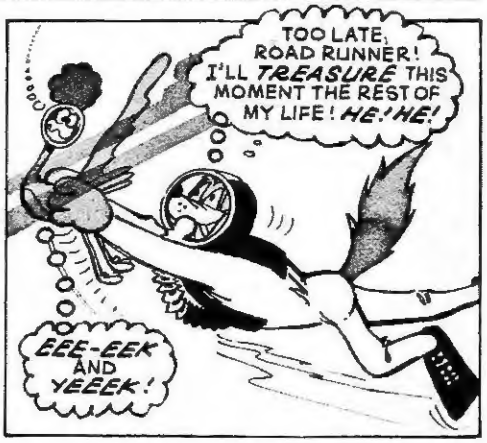
BEEP BEEP THE ROAD RUNNER


HEH! HEH! HEH!
BANG!
BANG!
SUNKEN TREASURE BELOW... DO DROP IN.
THERE! THAT SHOULD DO THE TRICK! I DOUBT IF THAT ROAD RUNNER WILL BE ABLE TO RESIST THE LURE OF A TREASURE HUNT! YUK!





WRONG, ROAD RUNNER! IT'S YOUR OLD FRIEND WILE E. COYOTE! A GEM OF A WHEEZE, WHAT! YUK! YUK!
OH, NO! 'TIS I WHO NOW AM SUNK! I MUST ATTEMPT A HASTY BUNK!



BEEP! BEEP!
AAGH! HELP! YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME IN HERE! HELP! AAAGH!
WILE E. WON'T PULL ANOTHER STUNT- LIKE THAT DISASTROUS TREASURE HUNT! HO! HO!
HALLO! WILE E. SOUNDS 'CHESTY' TODAY!

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Make a date with Beep Beep.

READER'S PAGE

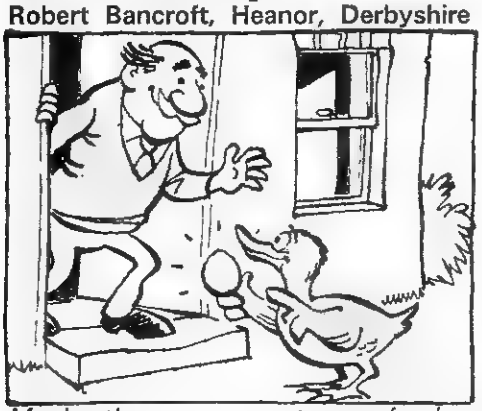
Send your letters to: The Editor, Reader's Page,
Polly Perkins House, Paddington Green,
382-386 Edgware Road, London, W.2.

HERE is a photograph of eight-year-old Karen Williams from Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. Recently she managed to get into the finals of a fancy dress competition dressed as Pink Panther, who is also her favourite comic character.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

SOMEONE told my grandfather about a duck which had been badly mauled about the neck by a dog or some other animal. He told them he would look after it, but it was very frightened when he first had it. However, after a few weeks, it followed him everywhere. She laid an egg every day for about 80 days and used to bang on the door when she wanted her breakfast or wanted to bed down for the night.

Robert Bancroft, Heanor, Derbyshire



Maybe the eggs were to pay for her keep, Robert.

Family funnies

ONCE I went for a walk with my Mum and my Auntie, when we saw the heel off somebody's shoe lying on the ground. My Auntie picked it up and remarked "Some poor soul (Sole) has lost their heel."

Sharon Haywood, Porchester, Hants.

It just goes to show, shoes are not made to "last."

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

ONE evening, after having gone to bed, my little sister found herself unable to sleep. So my Mum told her to count sheep jumping over a fence. There was quietness for about half-an-hour, then a little voice called downstairs to us: "Mummy, what shall I do now?—The field is full!"

Beverley Stevenson, Manchester, Lancs

I should think all the "BAAA'S" from the sheep would keep her awake anyway.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

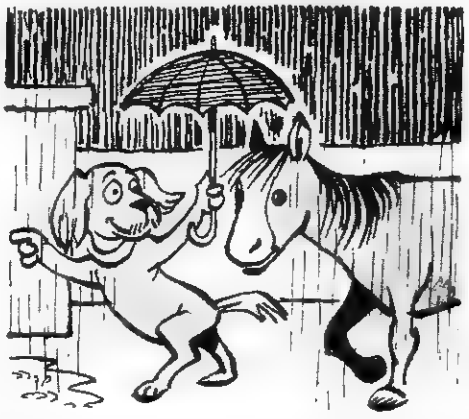
MY brother Stephen went in for the ice show competition in the issue 1039 and won. While he was at the ice show he bought a colouring book and next day coloured the picture. The prize was a "Chopper" bicycle and he won it. My brother has had the TV comic for three years and each year has won tickets to go to the ice show. Stephen is 10 years old now.

Malcolm May, Pinner, Middlesex

Lucky Stephen. Never mind, Malcolm, bet he hasn't had a letter printed in Reader's Page.

MY FATHER got up one winter morning about half past five because our dog was barking. We were all surprised to see my pony standing happily in our dog's kennel with the dog sitting in between my pony's two forelegs. It was raining hard so maybe that explains why my pony had broken out of his field and got into our dog's kennel.

Miss A. Ball, Himley, Staffs.



Maybe the dog was barking to call your pony in out of the rain.

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

THIS photograph is of Surrinder Kumar from Crayford in Kent. He was born in India and his favourite comic character is Tarzan.

BASIL BRUSH

TIME TO GET READY FOR THE FANCY DRESS BALL, CHUMMERS!

WISH I WAS GOING WIV YER, GUV'

SORRY, CHUMMERS, BUT YOU KNOW WE COULD ONLY AFFORD TO HIRE *ONE* COSTUME!

I KNOW, GUV. BUT I'D LIKED TER 'AVE GONE JUST THE SAME'

THERE, CHUMMERS... HOW DO I LOOK? I'M BLUEBEARD THE PIRATE!

ONLY ONE THING WRONG, GUV...

YER DON'T HAVE A BEARD... LET ALONE A *BLUE* ONE!

BYJINGO! YOU'RE RIGHT! I FORGOT ABOUT THAT!

NEVER MIND, GUV! YOU DO 'AVE A *BRUSH*' YER CAN GO AS *BLUEBRUSH* THE PIRATE!

B-B-BUT CHUMMERS! MY BRUSH ISN'T *BLUE*!

SOON FIX THAT, GUV! I'LL *PAINT* IT BLUE FOR YER!

I SAY! THAT'S JOLLY CLEVER... AND ORIGINAL! AND THERE'S A PRIZE FOR THE MOST ORIGINAL COSTUME!

WELL, I'M OFF CHUMMERS! I JUST HOPE YOU HAVE SOME STUFF TO REMOVE THIS PAINT FROM MY BRUSH WHEN I RETURN!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT, GUV! I 'AVE THE STUFF!

A FEW SPOTS OF TURPS WILL REMOVE THE PAINT... NO NEED FOR THE GUV' NOR TO WORRY!

TURPENTINE

I'D REALLY 'AVE LIKED TER HAVE GONE TO THE BALL THOUGH! BUT I'VE NUFFING TO WEAR!

TURPENTINE

COR LUMME! THE VERY THING!

TURPENTINE

I MIGHT JUST BE IN TIME!

AT THE BALL...

BLUE*BRUSH*, BASIL? THAT'S *VERY* CLEVER! AND ORIGINAL! I THINK YOU *MUST* WIN!

THANK YOU, SIR! THANK YOU!

'OW ABOUT ME, SIR? YER 'AVEN'T SEEN ME YET!

CHUMMERS? WH-WHAT ON EARTH ARE *YOU* DOING HERE?

ER... FORGIVE MY IGNORANCE, OLD CHAP, BUT WHAT ARE *YOU* SUPPOSED TO BE?

THAT'S SIMPLE, SIR...

I'M DICK TURPENTINE, THE HIGHWAYMAN, SIR! BUT, I DON'T REMOVE VALUABLES FROM MILADIES' HANDBAGS. I REMOVES THE PAINT FROM ME GUV'NOR'S BRUSH!

HO! HO! HO! THAT'S GOOD! I *DO* LIKE A GOOD JOKE! GIVE *HIM* THE PRIZE! *HO! HO!*

OH, NO!

YOL BOUNDAH! STOP AND DEL YER! THAT PRIZE IS MINE! HAND IT OVER!

TCH, GUV! BLUEBEARD WAS A *PIRATE*.... NOT A *HIGHWAYMAN*! EVEN I KNOW THAT! *HO! HO!*

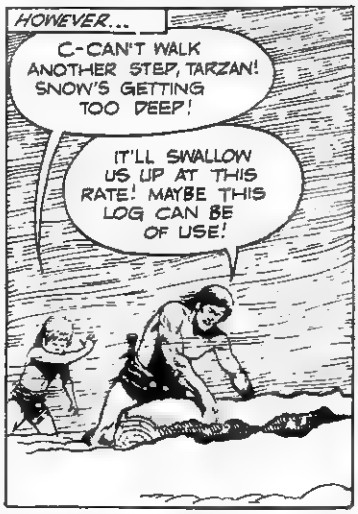
Basil takes the high-road to Scotland next week

THE ADVENTURES OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS' TARZAN

HIGH in the snowy mountains, Tarzan and Boy come across a tribe of strange prehistoric men while searching for a lost baby elephant. They find it in the hands of a man who warns them not to interfere . . .

WHAT DID HE MEAN— HE NEEDS THE ELEPHANT FOR A SPECIAL PURPOSE?
HE DOESN'T INTEND TELLING US, BOY! HE'S MAKING OFF! AFTER HIM!
MOVE, YOU BEAST, MOVE!

UGH! WE'VE RUN INTO A SNOWSTORM AND LOST SIGHT OF HIM!
IT'S MY GUESS HE LED US INTO IT PURPOSELY AND KNOWS THIS KIND OF TERRAIN WELL! BUT WE MUST GO ON!



IT'S WORKED! THE LOG IS SKIMMING OVER THE SNOW LIKE A SLEDGE! BUT BOY IS WEAKENING IN THIS BITTER COLD! WE'RE NOT PROPERLY DRESSED FOR IT!

A LITTLE LATER...
I FEEL BETTER AFTER WARMING MYSELF BY THIS FIRE, TARZAN! AND CAN FACE ANY SNOWSTORM WEARING THESE FURSKINS YOU FOUND HERE!
THE CAVE MUST BELONG TO ONE OF THE PREHISTORIC MEN! THANKFULLY NO ONE WAS AT HOME!

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Continued next week.

Whacko!
MADAM, THE EDUCATION AT CHISELBURY IS SUCH THAT EVEN THE MOST BACKWARD BOY IS NOT SLOW IN COMING FORWARDS. IS THAT NOT SO, PETTIGREW?
ER-YES, HEADMASTER!
AND WHAT ABOUT MANNERS?
WHAT ABOUT HIM, MA'AM? YOU KNOW THE BOY, DO YOU?
WHAT I MEAN IS DO YOU TEACH THE BOYS MANNERS?
1058
INDEED WE DO TEACH THEM MANNERS, MA'AM. FOR A SMALL EXTRA FEE OF COURSE, IF YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN.
ER-URDUSTAN, MA'AM. WE ENCOURAGE THE BOYS TO SPEAK THE LANGUAGES THEY ARE LEARNING, DON'T WE, PETTIGREW?
INDEED WE DO, HEADMASTER!
OY! BOOT THE BALL BACK!
WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT?
OYBO OTTHE BALLB ACK ROUGHLY TRANSLATED MEANS 'PLEASE WOULD YOU BE SO KIND AS TO RETURN THE BALL TOUS! RIGHT, PETTERS?
HURRY UP AND BOOT IT BACK. WE HAVEN'T GOT ALL DAY!
WATCH IT, BOY OR YOU'LL BE FEELING MY BOOT SOMEWHERE ELSE!
HEM! THAT LOOSELY TRANSLATED MEANS 'PLEASE BE CAREFUL WHERE YOU KICK THE BALL NEXT TIME'!
I THINK YOUR BOY WOULD BE VERY HAPPY HERE, MA'AM.
BUT I WOULDN'T BE IF HE WAS. I COULD TEACH HIM MORE MYSELF!
I DOUBT THAT VERY MUCH, MA'AM! WHEN YOU'VE BEEN DEALING WITH BOYS LIKE I HAVE YOU SOON LEARN THAT IT NEEDS THE STRONG ARM OF A MAN BEHIND THEM OR THEY RUN AMOK!
IS THAT SO?
INDEED IT IS, MA'AM, BUT HAVE NO FEAR, IT COULDN'T HAPPEN HERE. NO BOY LIVING...
WILBERFORCE!
COMING, MATER.
HE DAREN'T TRY THAT ON ME. HE KNOWS WHAT HE'D GET BACK!
OH, DEAR!
BAH! I'LL NOT TAKE THAT LYING DOWN!
YOU'D BETTER OR YOU'LL END UP LIKE HIS DAD. HE'D HAVE COME TODAY BUT HE'S STILL IN THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.
BIG H

© 1972. Frank Muir and Denis Norden

More Chislebury chuckles in our next issue.

GRASSHOPPER ISLAND

THE wind has blown away some papers. Smarty doesn't realise they belong to a book Cornelius Button is writing and uses them to make a kite. Now the wind has blown his kite into the sea—and the tide is carrying it away from Grasshopper Island!

© Grasshopper Productions Ltd

Will Cornelius discover the boys? More next week.

THE BUGS BUNNY SHOW
NO " SUCK-CESS "
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING... OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
BUGS BUNNY
WHY'S THAT BUNNY SOUNDING SO PLEASED WITH HIMSELF?
MORNING, SYLVESTER! JUST GETTING ON WITH MY SPRING-CLEANING!
YIKES! SPRING-CLEANING DOESN'T MAKE FOLKS HAPPY, YOU DAFT RABBIT!
OH, I DON'T KNOW THOUGH! I THINK I JUST MIGHT TRY THIS SPRING-CLEANING LARK MYSELF.
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING... OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
HEH! HEH! I'LL SPRING-CLEAN TWEETY-PIE'S CAGE! ISN'T MY FAULT IF SHE ACCIDENTALLY GETS SUCKED UP! YUK!
SUCK!
HELP! THAT PUTEY-TAT'S AFTER ME AGWEN!
BG
DWOOMED! I'M DWOOMED!
SPLOP!
CORRECT, CANARY! SURE MADE A SUCKER OUT OF YOU! YUK! YUK!
CWOO! IT'S DWUSTY IN HWERE! I'M GWAD I HWAVE A HWANKIE WITH ME!
ME GOT BWETTER USE FWOR MY HWANKIE! ME SEND UP 'SMOKE' SWIGNALS AND MAYBE SWUM PWASSING WEDSKIN WILL WESCUE ME
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL MORNING ..
PARDON ME, CAT, BUT YOUR VACUUM CLEANER IS SMOKING... AND THIS IS A SMOKELESS ZONE!
SMOKELESS ZONE
SMOKE, OFFICER?
HO-HO! THAT'S NOT SMOKE! THAT'S DUST! PLAIN, ORDINARY DUST! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU, CAT! I THINK YOU HAVE A FUEL-BURNER...DISGUISED AS A VACUUM CLEANER!
THERE'S ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I'LL DISMANTLE THE CONTRAPTION!
ER .. MUST YOU? I'M SURE YOU'LL FIND NOTHING THERE TO INTEREST YOU!
AHA! TWEETY-PIE, ISN'T IT? YOU'VE BEEN KIDNAPPING AGAIN, CAT!
WELL... ER... ER... GULP!
IT ISN'T A WEDSKIN... IT'S A BWOO-BOTTLE!
SEE THAT YOU KEEP YOUR CELL SPOTLESS, CAT!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOT-FUL MORNING!
OH, WHAT A BEEOOTIFUL DAY!
GRR! THEM TWO OUT THERE MUST THINK THIS IS 'SING-SING'!

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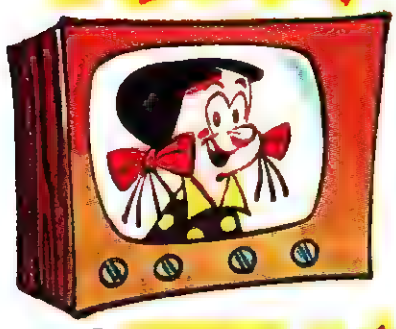
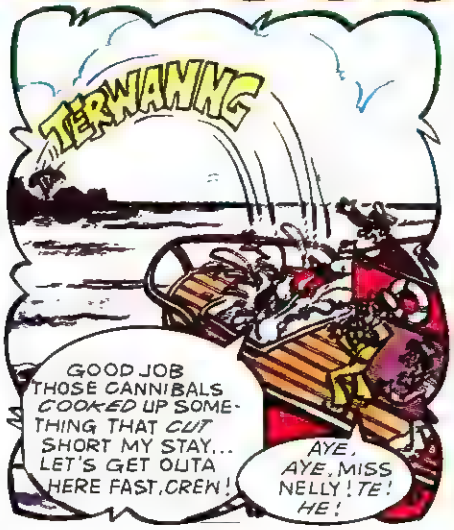
Sylvester is a peaceful puss next week.

NELLY and her TELLY



THE SUPER SUMMER HOLIDAYS THEY'RE ADVERTISING ON TELLY ARE SO TEMPTING...
COME TO CANVEY
JUST IMAGINE IF I HAD MY OWN PRIVATE YACHT... I COULD GO TO ALL OF THOSE LOVELY PLACES!


YERWANNG
GOOD JOB THOSE CANNIBALS COOKED UP SOMETHING THAT CUT SHORT MY STAY... LET'S GET OUTA HERE FAST, CREW!
AYE, AYE, MISS NELLY! TEE HEE!

AND SO...
GET THAT GRIME OFF YOUR FACE AT ONCE... YOU'RE STARTING TO LOOK LIKE A CANNIBAL!
OH WELL! I SUPPOSE THIS IS THE ONLY SORT OF YACHT I'M EVER LIKELY TO BE SAILING ANYWAY!

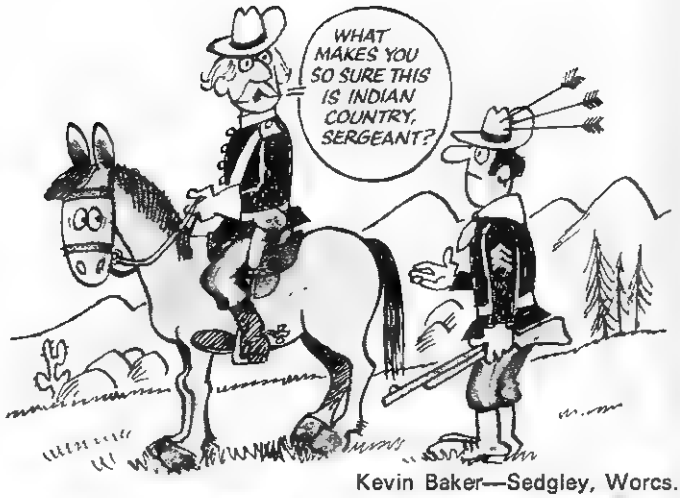
Next week, Nelly's all washed up selling soap!

PINK PANTHER
© Mirisch-Geoffrey-D-F 1964
EMPLOYMENT OFFICE
AH, MISTER PANTHER. I DON'T HAVE TO ASK YOU WHAT JOB YOU'RE AFTER— YOU'RE THE CHAP WHO WANTS TO BE A TRAM DRIVER!
THAT'S RIGHT!
AND I'VE EXPLAINED FOR THE PAST TEN WEEKS THAT THERE AREN'T ANY TRAMS NOWADAYS!
MORE'S THE PITY, BUT I WON'T TAKE ANY OTHER JOB I WANT TO BE A TRAM DRIVER!
BUT A PERSON WITH YOUR BRAINS HAS THE PICK OF TOP JOBS— WHY NOT BECOME A SURGEON?
NO! TRAM DRIVER!
A JUDGE! ER... AN AIRLINE PILOT!
TRAM DRIVER!
COME BACK NEXT WEEK!
SO NEXT WEEK
AH, MISTER PANTHER! COME WITH ME TO THE CAR PARK!
COLLINS MUSIC HALL
AT GOVERNMENT EXPENSE WE HAVE TAKEN THIS TRAM FROM THE TRANSPORT MUSEUM AND BUILT A TRACK AROUND THE CAR PARK— YOU ARE HEREBY APPOINTED TRAM DRIVER!
GREAT!
ER HOW MUCH MONEY?
£50 PER WEEK!
ELECTRIC TRAMWAYS
146
THAT'S A LOT OF MONEY TO PAY A TRAM DRIVER!
OH, WE DON'T PAY YOU—YOU PAY US!

What's yellow, fluffy and makes you laugh ? Watch this page

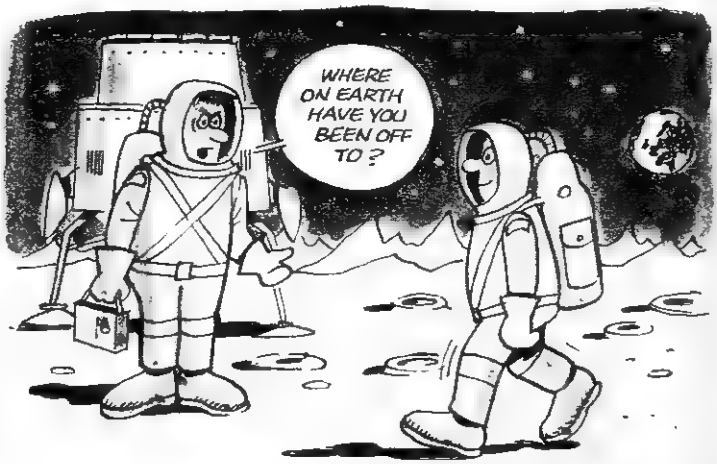
READER'S JOKES

Michael Arter—Barking, Essex.



Kevin Baker—Sedgley, Worcs.

John Doherty—Londonderry, N. Ireland.



Keith Farquhar—Larbert, Scotland.

DR WHO

The PERSUADERS

UFO

HAWAII FIVE-O

NEXT WEEK

WIN YOUR FAMILY A

COLOUR TELEVISION

FREE COMPETITION

countdown for TV ACTION

Still only 5p Order TODAY

Larry Harmon's
Laurel & Hardy
© 1972 Larry Harmon Pictures Corporation
ER... OLLIE. DO YOU THINK I COULD HAVE SOME MONEY TO BUY A NEW HAT?
A NEW HAT?
NO WONDER YOU NEED A NEW HAT! GIMME THAT!
HELP YOURSELF, OLLIE!
LOOK AT THE STATE IT'S IN! YOU'RE ALWAYS WRINGING THE POOR LITTLE THING IN YOUR HANDS, STANLEY!
YES, OLLIE! IT'S MY NERVES, OLLIE!
THAT'S NO EXCUSE, STANLEY! YOU CAN'T BE NERVOUS! NO ONE BULLIES YOU, DO THEY?
ER...NO, OLLIE! NO ONE THAT I ...ER...CAN THINK OF ANYWAY!
NO ONE MAKES YOUR LIFE A MISERY, DO THEY? THIS IS A HAPPY LITTLE TOWN, ISN'T IT?
YES, OLLIE! YOU'RE RIGHT, OLLIE... AS ALWAYS!
SO IT MUST BE YOUR IMAGINATION, STANLEY! BULLIES ARE A THING OF THE PAST! LET US GO FOR A STROLL!
CRUMP!
DIMWIT! IT ISN'T DARK! PULL YOUR HAT UP!
GLUP! I DON'T LIKE WALKING IN THE DARK!
GRR! HERE'S THAT OLIVER! HE TALKED ME OUT OF A FIVER LAST WEEK... BUT HE WON'T TALK ME OUT OF BASHING HIM!
REMEMBER ME, OLIVER?
ZONK?
THERE'S A LITTLE MATTER OF A FIVER WE HAVE TO DISCUSS, OLIVER!
HELP! STANLEY! DON'T JUST STAND THERE! YOWCH! HELP!
THERE AREN'T ANY BULLIES IN THIS TOWN, OLLIE!
DRUM TAP DRUM
LOOK AT YOUR BOWLER, OLLIE! I DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE THE NERVOUS TYPE!
STANLEY! YOU HAVE GONE TOO FAR THIS TIME!
GULP! I THINK SOMETHING HAS UPSET, OLLIE!
THANKS TO YOU, WE DON'T EVEN HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR A HAT-PIN!
TWITCH!
TWITCH!
GOLLY, OLLIE'S ON THE HATTACK!

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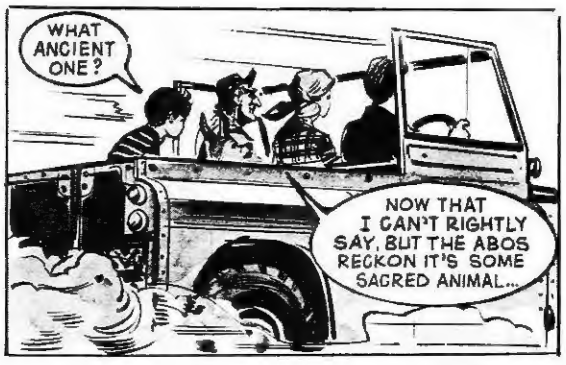
SKIPPY
the bush kangaroo

BOB RIDER and his wife, Mary, have come to settle and work an old sheep station near the Wallaroo Hills to the north-west of Waratah National Park. Mark, Sonny and Skippy go to Mary's assistance after her husband, fails to return from a search for an underground river in the Wallaroo Hills. With them is their old friend, Possum Pete.

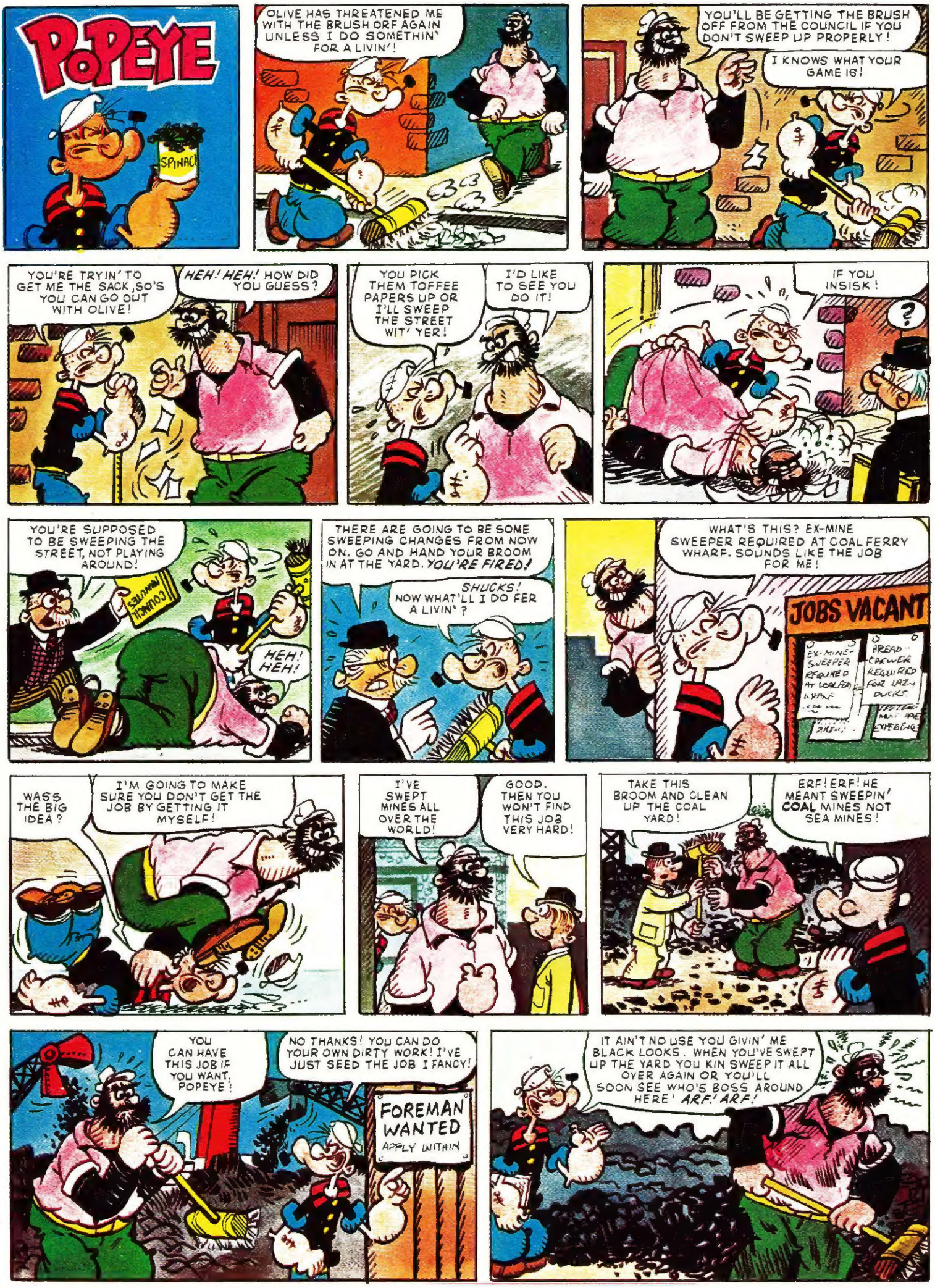
WELL, LET'S GET STARTED FOR THEM HILLS, MRS RIDER—THE SOONER WE START SEARCHING FOR YOUR HUSBAND THE BETTER!
WE'LL DRIVE AS FAR AS WE CAN!

WHAT SORT OF TALES, POSSUM?
OH, THE ABOS TELL 'EM MOSTLY, THOUGH SOMETIMES I'VE HEARD 'EM FROM SWAGGIES WHO HAVE WANDERED IN THEM PARTS!



RUN FOR IT, EVERYBODY!
LOOK OUT!
PHEW! THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!
DID THEY MEAN TO KILL US, POSSUM?
NO, MA'AM— I RECKON WE MET UP WITH THE GUARDIANS OF THE ANCIENT ONE AND THEY WERE JUST WARNING US OFF!
PRETTY EFFICIENTLY, TOO!
BUT I MUST GET THROUGH THERE— I MUST FIND BOB!
THOSE ABOS ARE PRETTY RILED UP ABOUT SOMETHING, MA'AM— SO WE JUST GOTTA WAIT!
WE'LL GET AWAY FROM HERE NOW, AND COME BACK AFTER DARK— I KNOW ANOTHER WAY INTO THEM HILLS WE CAN USE!
FOR THE REST OF THE DAY THEY WAIT OUT OF SIGHT FROM THE HILLS, AND AT SUNSET...
RIGHT, BY THE TIME WE MOVE BACK TO THE HILLS IT WILL BE DARK— LET'S GO!
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
THIS WAY, BUT QUIETLY NOW!
WE— WE WEREN'T QUIET ENOUGH, I'M AFRAID!
EEEEK!

More next week !


POPEYE
SPINACH
OLIVE HAS THREATENED ME WITH THE BRUSH ORF AGAIN UNLESS I DO SOMETHIN' FOR A LIVIN'!
YOU'LL BE GETTING THE BRUSH OFF FROM THE COUNCIL IF YOU DON'T SWEEP UP PROPERLY!
I KNOWS WHAT YOUR GAME IS!
YOU'RE TRYIN' TO GET ME THE SACK, SO'S YOU CAN GO OUT WITH OLIVE!
HEH! HEH! HOW DID YOU GUESS?
YOU PICK THEM TOFFEE PAPERS UP OR I'LL SWEEP THE STREET WIT' YER!
I'D LIKE TO SEE YOU DO IT!
IF YOU INSISK!
?
YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SWEEPING THE STREET, NOT PLAYING AROUND!
COUNCIL
HEH! HEH!
THERE ARE GOING TO BE SOME SWEEPING CHANGES FROM NOW ON. GO AND HAND YOUR BROOM IN AT THE YARD. YOU'RE FIRED!
SHUCKS! NOW WHAT'LL I DO FER A LIVIN'?
WHAT'S THIS? EX-MINE SWEEPER REQUIRED AT COAL FERRY WHARF. SOUNDS LIKE THE JOB FOR ME!
JOBS VACANT
EX-MINE SWEEPER REQUIRED AT COAL FERRY WHARF
BREAD CRUMBER REQUIRED FOR LAZY DUCKS.
WASS THE BIG IDEA?
I'M GOING TO MAKE SURE YOU DON'T GET THE JOB BY GETTING IT MYSELF!
I'VE SWEPT MINES ALL OVER THE WORLD!
GOOD. THEN YOU WON'T FIND THIS JOB VERY HARD!
TAKE THIS BROOM AND CLEAN UP THE COAL YARD!
ERF! ERF! HE MEANT SWEEPIN' COAL MINES NOT SEA MINES!
YOU CAN HAVE THIS JOB IF YOU WANT, POPEYE!
NO THANKS! YOU CAN DO YOUR OWN DIRTY WORK! I'VE JUST SEED THE JOB I FANCY!
FOREMAN WANTED
APPLY WITHIN
IT AIN'T NO USE YOU GIVIN' ME BLACK LOOKS. WHEN YOU'VE SWEPT UP THE YARD YOU KIN SWEEP IT ALL OVER AGAIN OR YOU'LL SOON SEE WHO'S BOSS AROUND HERE! ARF! ARF!

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Don't miss our super Easter issue